

Only beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go;
Little feet, how they patter,
Wandering to and fro!
TRYING again so bravely,
Laughing in baby glee,
Hiding its face in mother's lap,
Proud as a baby can be.
Talking the oddest of language
Ever before was heard;
But mother—youd hardly think so—
Understands every word.
TOTTERING now and falling,
Eyes are going to cry;
Kisses and plenty of love-words,
Willing again to try.

Father of all, O guide them,
The pattering little feet,
While they are treading the uphill road,
Braving the dust and heat!
All them when they grow weary,
Keep them in pathways best;
And when the journey is ended,
Saviour, O, give them rest!

THE SPALPEENS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Granny Welch was a funny little Irish woman, who wore a plaid shawl at all times and seasons, and whose tight fitting hood could not—indeed, it did not attempt—to conceal the broad, white cap-frill which bobbed up and down as she talked, which was pretty often, I assure you.

Granny Welch hated boys, all but one; and that was Mikey, the son of her "darlin'" daughter, who had left her three years ago.

"Mikey isn't just but a baby, yet," she would sometimes say, apologetically, to a neighbor; "but if ever he grows into one of them impudent spalpeens be-yant I'll kill him!"

Then the neighbor would laugh, and Mikey would laugh, and finally Granny Welch herself would laugh until her cap-frill shook and her beadlike eyes twinkled like a couple of very small stars.

Time had dealt gently with the old lady. He had given her no painful rheumatism, no feeble limbs, or stiffened joints. He had only bleached her hair and wrinkled her face and shrivelled them up, so that she grew smaller and smaller, until it really seemed as if she might blow away some day, "when she'd grown old enough," as Frank Wellington had said.

Frank Wellington was one of the boys whom Granny Welch hated. She hated him because he had asked her to "lend him the loan of her shawl" one stinging winter day; she hated his brother Tom because he had said that Mikey looked like a frog in the new jacket and pants which she had worked so hard to make him; but more than all she hated them both because they were veritable boys, or "spalpeens." The words were synonymous with Granny Welch.

It was the day before Christmas, and Mikey sat watching the stove and waiting for his grandmother, who had gone to church. He couldn't go out into the street, for his toes were peeping through his little, worn shoes. "Granny" had promised him a new pair "when her ship came into the harbor," but he was almost tired of waiting for that. Mikey knew very little about Christmas. No one had told him to hang up his stocking, and he had heard no hint of presents. He had a vague idea that it must be a good time, because everybody in the court went to church. That was all Mikey knew about the day to which most little folks look forward so eagerly.

Poor Mikey looked up with tearful eyes. "Toot-ache now!" inquired Mikey. "It's stoppin'," replied Biddy, soberly. "There are a clove in it." "See my Christmas, Biddy." She looked admiringly. "Come out into the court, Biddy. We'll have a procession. Pretend its banners."

"But I have none" whined Biddy.

Mikey broke his bough in two, scattering bits of wood and kernels of corn as he did so. To arrange the two "banners" gracefully was a work of time, but the children did it, or thought they did it, at last.

The "procession" had been in motion hardly five minutes when it was unmercifully ordered to halt.

"Stand still there! What do you call that? A string of snow flakes! Give us one, won't you?"

The children stood still and looked terrified.

"Oh, Frank! come here a moment."

Frank came, a merry-faced boy, with clear, gray eyes.

"What is it, Tom?"

"Just look at those little rats. They have a whole string of snow flakes, and they won't give one to us."

"Nonsense!" laughed Frank. "Let 'em alone."

"It's my Christmas," faltered little Mikey.

"Your what?"

"My Christmas."

"Je-rusalem!" exclaimed Tom, thinking of the stately evergreen, at which he had managed to get a peep, in his parlor at home.

"Don't you get any presents?" inquired Frank, kindly.

"I'm to get a new coat," spoke up Biddy. "It's makin' out of a lady's dress—good an' warm, wid quiltin' in it."

Als! there was need of it, poor little Biddy.

"I'm to have some shoes—sometime," said Mikey.

The gray eyes looked a little less clear. Something dimmed them.

For a moment Frank seemed lost in thought; then he suddenly pulled from his pocket a small rule.

"Are ye wantin' it, Michael?"

"I am."

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JAN. 4, 1877.

NUMBER 1.

"On yer back?" inquired Granny Welch, with a fierce bobbing of her cap border.

"No, sir!" replied irreverent Mikey.

"There's where ye'll get it, thin."

Mikey laughed. He was very well acquainted with Granny Welch.

"I'll take it from yer," he cried, gleefully, suiting the action to the word.

Granny caught him in her arms, and gravely administered a few sounding slaps, which didn't hurt him a bit.

"Is it a Christmas ye'll have?" she asked, when her pretended wrath was appeased.

"Yes."

She took down an old skillet from the wall and put into it a handful of corn, and awaited the result.

Mikey listened for the popping, and at last it came. When the kernels were all snapped out she took a large needle and some blue yarn, and strung them thereon. Then she tied the string to the end bough, winding it in and out among the withered branches, whence it hung in long white loops.

"There's yes Christmas," said she, with a satisfied air. "Look well now. Don't break it."

He took it in his plump hand. He walked proudly up and down the room, the corn waving gracefully.

"That's a nice Christmas," said Granny Welch, the queer cap border bobbing again.

"Yes."

"A nice Christmas. Nice little boys gets nice Christmases."

Mikey's stout figure straightened.

"There's little Biddy McLaughlin be-yant, as cries wid the toothache. She gets no Christmas at all. Mind that, now."

Mikey looked sober. The little girl was his best beloved playmate and he was very sorry for her. He thought of her all the while he was eating his dinner, holding his potato in one hand and grasping his newly acquired treasure in the other. When the meal was over and his grandmother was busy putting away the fragments he took to his little heels and ran across the court to "Biddy's" part.

Poor Biddy looked up with tearful eyes.

"Toot-ache now!" inquired Mikey.

"It's stoppin'," replied Biddy, soberly. "There are a clove in it."

"See my Christmas, Biddy."

She looked admiringly.

"Come out into the court, Biddy. We'll have a procession. Pretend its banners."

"But I have none" whined Biddy.

Mikey broke his bough in two, scattering bits of wood and kernels of corn as he did so. To arrange the two "banners" gracefully was a work of time, but the children did it, or thought they did it, at last.

The "procession" had been in motion hardly five minutes when it was unmercifully ordered to halt.

"Stand still there! What do you call that? A string of snow flakes! Give us one, won't you?"

The children stood still and looked terrified.

"Oh, Frank! come here a moment."

Frank came, a merry-faced boy, with clear, gray eyes.

"What is it, Tom?"

"Just look at those little rats. They have a whole string of snow flakes, and they won't give one to us."

"Nonsense!" laughed Frank. "Let 'em alone."

"It's my Christmas," faltered little Mikey.

"Your what?"

"My Christmas."

"Je-rusalem!" exclaimed Tom, thinking of the stately evergreen, at which he had managed to get a peep, in his parlor at home.

"Don't you get any presents?" inquired Frank, kindly.

"I'm to get a new coat," spoke up Biddy. "It's makin' out of a lady's dress—good an' warm, wid quiltin' in it."

Als! there was need of it, poor little Biddy.

"I'm to have some shoes—sometime," said Mikey.

The gray eyes looked a little less clear. Something dimmed them.

For a moment Frank seemed lost in thought; then he suddenly pulled from his pocket a small rule.

"Are ye wantin' it, Michael?"

"I am."

"Put your foot on this," said he to Mikey. "It won't hurt you (seeing that the child is-hostile). Just for a minute, Come!"

Mikey did so, wonderingly; and Frank, after examining it carefully, put the rule in his pocket again, and the boys walked off.

"What are you going to do now, Frank?" inquired Tom.

Tom tried to tell her the story, but he failed signally. Then Frank took up the broken thread of the discourse, with little better result. Between them both, however, the lady at length gained the truth. When they had finished her own eyes were moist.

"I thank God for my boys," said she, fervently kissing the blushing cheeks. "They have made me very happy. This will be a good Christmas for them, I am sure."

And it was.

Granny Welch always makes two notable exceptions now when she speaks of "impudent spalpeens." Indeed, she has learned to like all boys better for the sake of "them tinder hearted young gentlemin, the Willin'tons."

How I Behaved in Church.

I was visiting Lilipet's parents in another city, and she was to take me to church. Lilipet was Henrietta's baby way of abbreviating her home title, Little Pet. Every body caught it up, and nobody, least of all herself, had dropped it, although she was now nearly four, and a very big girl in her own estimation.

Somewhere in her childish brain lodged the fancy that my religious education had been sadly neglected, consequently it became her bounden duty to do all in her power for my enlightenment.

"They'll hand around a basket of money," she said, as we walked along, her four fingers and fat thumb trying their best to meet around my hand; "but you are not to take any"—warningly; "you are to put some in. A penny's plenty. I've got a penny."

As we drew near the sacred edifice the weight of her responsibilities increased. I was in her charge. She felt that any misbehavior on my part would reflect upon her and lessen the dignity of the family pew, so she gave me her parasol to hold, and came to a full stop for the purpose of administering further advice and instruction.

"After we get in you must do this and pray," illustrating the act of silent communion with God.

"What must I say?" I asked, just to see what she would answer.

"You can't say 'Our Father who art in heaven,' cause there isn't time. I say 'Now I lay me down to sleep'—all of it, you know; then if Miss McFetridge—she's next to us—if she hasn't got through, I begin, 'This pig went to market.'

"O!" I exclaimed, hardly knowing whether to laugh or chide, and looking down into the blue eyes so brimmed with seriousness, "why don't you repeat 'Now I lay me down to sleep'?"

"Cause," she answered very gravely, "that's a prayer. I couldn't break off anywhere. I'd have to say it all. Everybody might get done, then I'd look queer bobbing up. The pigs are nothing—I can leave out any of them."

"You can't say 'Our Father who art in heaven,' cause there isn't time. I say 'Now I lay me down to sleep'—all of it, you know; then if Miss McFetridge—she's next to us—if she hasn't got through, I begin, 'This pig went to market.'

"Nothing, my love, nothing. Don't excite yourself. Be calm. Only as you were complaining that you couldn't get up and see after things, and that the house was going to wreck and ruin, I thought I'd ask Mrs. Dasher in to let me know what could be done to save you trouble and relieve your mind of anxiety.

"Oh, you did!" she murmured with a deep inspiration.

"Yes, and I showed her all over the house."

"And the beds not made, and everything like a pigsty!"

"Never mind, my love. I told her she must excuse it, as you were sick, because you were a good housekeeper. And she said you must be."

"Oh, she did!"

"Yes, and she said that if she had her way she'd have a new set of parlor furniture, in less vulgar wall paper, but that some people had no taste anyway, and—by the way, Maria, you and Mrs. Dasher are pretty much of a size, ain't you?" Then she fell into a trance that lasted for some minutes, then muttering, "Well, perhaps they'll fit; if not, they can be made over," departed.

"Now, is there anything you want to say to me before we go in?"

"No," I answered dutifully.

"Be sure you remember you're not to speak after we get in, and you're not to get on your knees and look over into the back pew."

After promising to observe proprieties faithfully she allowed me to enter. No sound could have been sweeter than the twitter of the voice beside me, with its "Now I lay me" and "I pray the Lord my soul to keep." Of such is the kingdom of heaven. The minister had not gone very deep in his sermon before Lilipet was fast asleep, save enough, and the Lord had her little truthful soul safe in his keeping. With her golden curl framing her cherub face, her blue eyes closed, her red lips parted, and violet rays from the stained window fluttering about her, she formed one of the prettiest pictures it has ever been my lot to see.

What happened next was this: In the midst of the Reverend Doctor's discourse, Henrietta Lilipet plunged both chubby hands into her cheeks and slid from the cushion to her feet, with a "Ho, ho, hum!" that must have electrified the congregation. Then catching sight of the minister, her blue eyes still drenched with sleep, as violet with dew, she ejaculated:

"Pretty well, I thank you. Amen." That's how I behaved in church.

"I would rather vote for the devil than for you," was what an American sovereign told a candidate in a Main street saloon, the other night. "But in case your friend should not come forward," said the unabashed aspirant for office, "I might then count upon your assistance!" The glass glanced from off his cheek and he passed out.

"We don't care a fig about it," added Tom, magnanimously.

"Thank ye. God bless ye both,

One Hundred Years Ago.

What a contrast between now and—say only a hundred years ago! Certain-

ly, there is a very great contrast. Eng-

land was not a manufacturing country a

hundred years ago. We imported nearly

everything except corn, wool and flax.

We imported the greatest part of our

iron from Spain, Sweden, Germany and

Russia. We imported our pottery from

Holland, our hats from Flanders, our</p

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
CLARENCE HILLS, Ill., Dec. 22, '76.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—The committee on arrangements has authorized me to announce that the members of the Chicago Deaf-mute Society will celebrate the anniversary of its organization on the evening of the 18th of January next. They have determined to do everything in their power to make the celebration a success, by enlivening the room with beautiful decorations, and will have an oration, tableaux and feast and other interesting features. Mutes from abroad desiring to be present and participate in the celebration are cordially invited to come. Our room is No. 10, at No. 89 E. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Anniversary of the Chicago Deaf-Mute Society.

CLARENCE HILLS, Ill., Dec. 22, '76.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—The committee on arrangements has authorized me to announce that the members of the Chicago Deaf-mute Society will celebrate the anniversary of its organization on the evening of the 18th of January next. They have determined to do everything in their power to make the celebration a success, by enlivening the room with beautiful decorations, and will have an oration, tableaux and feast and other interesting features. Mutes from abroad desiring to be present and participate in the celebration are cordially invited to come. Our room is No. 10, at No. 89 E. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

EDWARD P. HOLMES,
Sec'y pro tem.

Protestant Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

Contributions, Subscriptions, and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Henry Winter Syle, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JAN. 4, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Mr. Austin W. Mann, one of our associate editors, is our authorized agent at large and particularly in the West. Mr. Mann is commissioned by us to collect subscriptions, obtain new subscribers, and procure correspondents for the JOURNAL and also to contract for advertisements for the same.

One Very Fortunate Deaf-Mute Institution.

It seldom happens that an Institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb is presented with a lot and new building in complete order for school operations.

The Protestant Institution for Deaf-mutes, of Montreal, Canada, has a true benefactor in the person of Mr. Joseph Mackay, who has ever been an esteemed friend of all that pertained to its interests. As a farther proof of his friendship for the above-named Institution Mr. Mackay has, as will be seen by an account in the next column, lately purchased a lot in Cote St. Antoine 200 by 241 feet and will shortly proceed to erect on it a building suited to the wants of the school. When completed the building will be a free gift from Mr. Mackay to the trustees of the Protestant Institution. The new institution building will probably be completed some time next year.

Mr. Mackay's practical philanthropy merits the highest commendation, and his generosity will long be cherished by the Protestant deaf-mutes and their friends of Canada. We congratulate our friend, Thomas Widd, the principal of the Protestant Institution for Deaf-mutes, who has long labored in the cause of deaf-mute education and his near prospect of having an institution building adapted to the requirements of his school.

Mr. Widd has labored long and faithfully in advancing the intellectual interests of deaf-mutes, and now that the Institution is to be provided with a commodious stone building we hope he will long be retained as principal of the school. He has long persevered in his noble work zealously, under somewhat unfavorable circumstances, and now that there is to be a new building and better facilities afforded for educating deaf-mutes, it is presumed that he will fully realize how to enjoy its advantages and judiciously dispense its hospitalities.

The Institution is managed on correct principles, and its pupils are progressing finely in their studies. It is with much pleasure that we are permitted to chronicle the fact of Mr. Mackay's magnificent gift. His praiseworthy generosity commands itself to the philanthropists of this country. Would that others would copy from his liberal example, and help to provide for the education of the deaf and dumb who are not already furnished with ample means for instruction.

Snow Bound.

Last Friday Mr. L. N. Jones, his daughter and brother Milton, of Rishland, paid us a visit. The snow storm, which set in about one o'clock p. m., increased in its fury as night approached, and, as the roads were fast being filled up, it was deemed unsafe for the party to return home till morning. On Saturday morning the roads were said to be impassable, and our friends were still compelled to prolong their visits. As the railroad had not then become blockaded, Milton left by the two p. m. train. Lawrence and his daughter remained till Tuesday morning when the blockade of the main roads having been declared removed, they took their departure with their horse and sleigh for home. During the blockade the time indoors passed pleasantly with ourselves and friends, and happiness reigned within while the furious storm raged without.

The Seeretary read the following:

ANNUAL REPORT

of the Board of Managers:

The number of pupils admitted during the year was 22 (nearly as many as can be accommodated in the building now occupied by the Corporation). Of these pupils, 10 were free, 7 paid the full fees, and 5 paid them in part. Mr. J. McGregor kindly inspected the school (at the request of Principal Robins, who was unavoidably prevented from doing so as usual). Mr. McGregor's report testifies to the progress made by the pupils during the past year. Your Board have great pleasure in expressing their entire approval of the manner in which the principal, Mr. Widd, the matron, Mrs. Widd,

the assistant teacher, Miss C. Bulmer, and the teacher of carpentry, Mr. Redmond, have discharged their duties. The Board of Managers have been informed that it is the intention of Joseph Mackay, Esq., to erect a suitable building capable of accommodating fifty pupils and their teachers, and when it is complete, to present it and a valuable lot of land to the trustees for the use of Protestant deaf-mutes in the province of Quebec. Your Board feel that it is impossible for them to express adequately their thanks for Mr. Mackay's most generous and timely offer. They are unanimously of the opinion that in order to mark their appreciation of his munificence, application should be made by them to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, for permission to alter the name of the Institution to that of "The Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-mutes." Your Board also feel it their duty to record the fact that Mr. Mackay, in addition to crowning their efforts with such signal success as he is about to do, was one of the largest contributors to the Endowment Fund of the Institution, and has always warmly supported it. As regards the financial position of the Institution, the managers have to report a balance on hand at the close of the financial year of \$964.99. There are outstanding accounts for ordinary expenditure to the amount of \$200. Your Board beg here to point out that liberal annual subscriptions to the funds of the Institution are still urgently needed. To meet the annual expenses (say \$4,000), they have no other sources of revenue to rely on than the annual grant of the Quebec Government (\$1,729), and the pupils' fees, (say \$300), except the voluntary contributions of citizens. These are required annually by the Institution to the extent of about \$1,500. The Board of Managers are confident that when their Protestant fellow-citizens realize as they ought that this Institution is (in view of the large number of free pupils), to a very great extent, a charity, a generous support will be extended to it.

The report was signed by Chas. Alexander, President; T. Cramp, Vice President; and F. Mackenzie, Secretary-Treasurer.

The financial statement was then read, and showed that the disbursements had equalled the receipts (\$11,484.89.)

The Principal's and Professor McGregor's reports were satisfactory and encouraging.

The following resolutions were then unanimously passed, the movers and seconders adding appropriate remarks:

Moved by Mr. Andrew Allan, seconded by Professor Duff:

"That the report just read be adopted, printed and circulated under the direction of the Secretary-Treasurer."

Moved by Dr. Scott, seconded by Mr. McMillan:

"That the thanks of this meeting are hereby given to the managers and officers of this Institution for the faithful manner in which they have discharged their respective duties during the past year, and that the following persons be hereby elected to serve with the Life Governors as members of the Board of Governors during the ensuing year: Messrs. A. Allan and E. K. Greene, and Messrs. Thomas Cramp, J. G. Mackenzie, J. McLennan, Joseph Mackay, E. C. Gould, Alfred Brown, Edward Mackay, F. Wolferstan Thomas, T. M. Thomson and E. Mackenzie."

Moved by Mr. F. W. Thomas, seconded by Mr. Hugh McLennan:

"That the warmest thanks of this meeting are due, and are hereby tendered to Mr. Joseph Mackay, for his magnificent gift to the Protestant deaf-mutes of the Province of Quebec."

The following interesting address from the Principal was then read:

THE ORDER OF THOUGHT IN DEAF MUTES.

It may not be uninteresting to state, before proceeding with the exercises, that none of the pupils now present had any knowledge of language when they came to the Institution. To those not deaf it must seem difficult to conceive of ideas without language, or what the mind of a deaf-mute is thinking about without words. The deaf-mute, until he acquires a language to enable him to make himself understood, expresses his ideas in signs. His ideas shape themselves in this way: "horses, two, run fast," but he does not think these words. The idea of a horse, its shape and color, is imagined in his mind, or the sign for that animal comes into his thought. He next holds up two fingers to express the number, and the idea of running and speed is given by means of signs which suggest themselves. The main idea is horse, and he gives it the preference. The first thing to do at school is to supply both thought and language; then lay out and cultivate the many avenues of the mind over which thought comes and goes. Deaf-mutes need a language of some sort to enable them to know what their ideas mean. This they obtain in institutions established for their benefit. The deaf-mutes' lessons involve much translation—first motion into ideas, ideas into signs, and signs into written words, or words spelt out by the fingers letter for letter. Constant repetition is necessary to fix the words in the mind. The difficulty is to get him to remember words enough to carry his ideas as he writes or converses with hearing people. We here realize how much a child blessed with the gift of hearing and speech knows of language when he first comes to school—he has been taught by all the people he ever met by simply hearing them speak. But the only preparation the deaf-mute has received when he comes to school is his careful observation of the motions and behavior of people and things about him. Tradesmen in the city have wondered why our pupils sometimes make ludicrous mistakes in English when transacting business by writing. It is simply owing to the difficulty deaf-mutes generally experience in putting their ideas into cultivated language. Years of training do not always insure him against such mistakes. Many learn to construct sentences with tolerable ac-

curacy, but only a few acquire fluency and precision, and only in rare cases grace of expression. And this is the most important and most difficult work in the education of deaf-mutes.

The pupils went through some brief exercises, both oral and dactylographic, showing remarkable proficiency in their education. An interesting feature of this part of the proceedings was the drawing of a map of Turkey, from memory, on the blackboard, by one of the senior lads, and the writing upon the board by another of his opinion on the Eastern Question.

After the close of the meeting, those present examined the numerous specimens of drawing and painting done by the pupils, which were very creditable.

A Table,
For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Jan. 7th.
The Psalter for the 7th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah XLIV.
2d Lesson—Matthew II, 13th verse.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah XLV.
2d Lesson—I Corinthians III.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday after Epiphany.

Sunday, Jan. 14th.
The Psalter for the 14th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah LI.
2d Lesson—John I, verse 29th.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah LII, to verse 13th.
2d Lesson—I Corinthians XIII.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the second Sunday after Epiphany.

THE MACINTIRE LIBEL SUIT DISMISSED AT DEFENDANT'S COSTS.

JOHN L. FAWKNER MAKES A FULL RETRACTION, PAYS \$2,000, AND QUITTS.

INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL, Dec. 20, 1876.

The suit of Thomas MacIntire against John E. Fawkner, for libel, was brought to a close yesterday. The suit was originally brought against Fawkner and the Sentinel Company jointly in the Marion County Civil Circuit Court, but on the affidavit of the first named defendant, who swore that he could not obtain justice here, the case was taken to Hamilton county on a change of venue. It was then moved to Morgan county on the oath of John C. Shoemaker, who claimed that the Sentinel Company would not have justice done it in Hamilton county. During the summer the Sentinel's insolvency becoming apparent, Mr. MacIntire dismissed his suit as regarded that establishment. The company volunteered, before that time, to compromise by the payment of a considerable sum of money and the publication of a full and complete retraction of the libelous charges.

As the plaintiff could not compromise with the Sentinel in the manner indicated without letting Fawkner escape, he refused to accept the proposition, but realizing the futility of fighting a dead corporation he ordered a dismissal, as above stated.

DATED MEXICO, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1876.

A SOCIABLE PEOPLE.

LAST WEEK WE SPOKE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIAL HELD IN THE M. E. CHURCH, ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT. SOME WHO WERE THEN PRESENT SEEM TO HAVE THOUGHT IT A GOOD PLAN NOT TO ALLOW SUCH HOLIDAY ENJOYS TO END WITH THAT EVENING'S PLEASURE, AS THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT WILL TESTIFY.

LAST THURSDAY EVENING THE BIBLE CLASS OF THE PASTOR, (REV. S. P. GRAY) GAVE HIM A SURPRISE AT THE PARSONAGE. ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE PERSONS WERE PRESENT, AND A VERY ENJOYABLE EVENING WAS SPENT. MR. C. STAVELL, IN BEHALF OF THE CLASS, PRESENTED MR. GRAY WITH A SPLENDID TEACHERS' BIBLE, AND AFTER PARTAKING OF REFRESHMENTS THE PARTY BROKE UP.

ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE M. E. CHURCH, TO THE NUMBER OF FIFTY-FIVE, WENT TO PARISH AND GAVE MR. AND MRS. ORSON WEBB A SURPRISE. OF COURSE THEY HAD A SPLENDID TIME THERE. HOW COULD IT BE OTHERWISE WHEN THEY VISITED SO PLEASANT A FAMILY?

WHEN THEY LEFT THIS VILLAGE, EARLY IN THE AFTERNOON, IT WAS SNOWING QUITE BRISKLY, AND THE STORM DID NOT ABATE AT ALL DURING THE AFTERNOON OR EVENING; BY THE TIME THAT THEY STARTED TO RETURN A GREAT DEAL OF SNOW HAD FALLEN AND THE WIND WAS BLOWING HARD. THEY RELATED MANY AMUSING INCIDENTS THAT OCCURRED ON THEIR WAY BACK. SOME STARTED IN THE WRONG DIRECTION AND WENT SOME DISTANCE BEFORE THEY DISCOVERED THEY WERE NOT ON THE WAY HOME; QUITE A NUMBER OF SLEIGHS TIPPED OVER; ONE LOAD WAS STUCK IN THE SNOW; UPON THE SLEIGH IN ADVANCE THERE WAS A BALKY HORSE THAT HAD TO BE LED WHENEVER HE CAME TO A SNOW DRIFT, WHICH WAS QUITE OFTEN; BUT ALL FINALLY GOT HOME WITHOUT HAVING ANY SERIOUS MISHAP.

MR. AND MRS. T. W. SKINNER INVITED THEIR SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES TO THEIR HOMESTEAD HOME LAST MONDAY NIGHT, EACH MEMBER WAS GIVEN THE PRIVILEGE OF ASKING SOME OTHER PERSON TO BE PRESENT. ABOUT FIFTY YOUNG PEOPLE GATHERED THERE, AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES VERY MUCH. THEY COULD NOT VERY WELL HAVE DONE OTHERWISE, AS NEITHER MONEY NOR PAINS WERE SPARED TO MAKE IT PLEASANT FOR THOSE PRESENT.

LAST EVENING, MRS. G. W. BAKER HAD HER CLASS AT HER HOME, AND A REAL GOOD TIME WAS HAD. EVERYTHING POSSIBLE WAS DONE TO MAKE THE EVENING A PLEASANT ONE, AND IT WAS indeed very enjoyable.

WE SEE THAT THE TEACHERS AND OFFICERS OF THE M. E. SUNDAY SCHOOL ARE DETERMINED TO SHOW THEIR SCHOLARS THAT THEY THINK OF AND WORK FOR THEM OUTSIDE OF THE HOUR THEY SPEND TOGETHER EACH SUNDAY. THIS IS COMMENDABLE, AND CANNOT HELP BEING PRODUCTIVE OF GOOD. THEY HONESTLY EARNED THE APPELLATION OF BEING A VERY SOCIABLE PEOPLE, AND THEIR EXAMPLE IN THIS RESPECT, AT LEAST, IS WELL WORTHY OF IMITATION.

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT THE MACINTIRE CASE FROM ITS FIRST INCEPTION HAS COST JOHN E. FAWKNER WITHIN A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS OF \$16,000, BEING DAMAGES TO HIM SOLELY, OCCASIONING HIS DISMISSAL FROM THE ODD FELLOWS' LODGE, AND MAKING HIM GENERALLY NOTORIOUS THROUGHOUT THE CITY AND ALL THIS PART OF THE STATE. HE IS STILL IN GOOD CIRCUMSTANCES FINANCIALLY, AND INTENDS FIGHTING THE VALENTINE CASE THROUGH TO THE BITTER END.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, AND ONE IS TEMPTED TO SIGH FOR THE LAND WHERE A SMALLER QUANTITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE FOUND.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, AND ONE IS TEMPTED TO SIGH FOR THE LAND WHERE A SMALLER QUANTITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE FOUND.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, AND ONE IS TEMPTED TO SIGH FOR THE LAND WHERE A SMALLER QUANTITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE FOUND.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, AND ONE IS TEMPTED TO SIGH FOR THE LAND WHERE A SMALLER QUANTITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE FOUND.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, AND ONE IS TEMPTED TO SIGH FOR THE LAND WHERE A SMALLER QUANTITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE FOUND.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, AND ONE IS TEMPTED TO SIGH FOR THE LAND WHERE A SMALLER QUANTITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE FOUND.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, AND ONE IS TEMPTED TO SIGH FOR THE LAND WHERE A SMALLER QUANTITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE FOUND.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, AND ONE IS TEMPTED TO SIGH FOR THE LAND WHERE A SMALLER QUANTITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE FOUND.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, AND ONE IS TEMPTED TO SIGH FOR THE LAND WHERE A SMALLER QUANTITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE FOUND.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, AND ONE IS TEMPTED TO SIGH FOR THE LAND WHERE A SMALLER QUANTITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE FOUND.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, AND ONE IS TEMPTED TO SIGH FOR THE LAND WHERE A SMALLER QUANTITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE FOUND.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, AND ONE IS TEMPTED TO SIGH FOR THE LAND WHERE A SMALLER QUANTITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE FOUND.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, AND ONE IS TEMPTED TO SIGH FOR THE LAND WHERE A SMALLER QUANTITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE FOUND.

OLD BOREAS HAS BEEN ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN. ROADS BLOCKED AND NO MAIL FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, IS NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS BEGIN

CORRESPONDENCE.

New York Institution Notes.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

On Saturday evening, the 9th inst., there was a debate before the Fanwood Literary Association, on the question, "Is Cremation preferable to interment?" After a warm and somewhat lengthy debate the principal arguments were summed up by Pres. Jones and the question put. The result was 16 votes for the affirmative, to 146 for the negatives, making a clear majority of 130 votes in favor of interment. So the word goes forth that the Fanwood Literary Association considers the customs of our forefathers hallowed by time, more worthy of our regard than the new-fangled notions of some scientists.

Mr. R. E. Bull, the popular supervisor of the boys, has just left us to go down South on a visit for his health. He has for some months been unwell, though not enough, so to wholly disable him for duty, owing mostly to the climate of our locality which does not seem to agree with his constitution. The Board at last, though with some regret at having to dispense with his valuable services, gave him a short vacation in which to recuperate. We were sorry to lose him, though glad that he has such a good chance to rest, and hope that we shall see him among us before long as well and strong as ever. I understand that he intends to spend his time in Raleigh where he can at once have the benefit of a mild climate, and the society of his friends and fellow mutes.

The Board was happy in securing for his temporary successor, Mr. Martin Brown, one of the best graduates of '75 and a young man of the most exceptional character. There is no doubt but that he will do well in his new position.

We have been getting along finely so far. Everything goes on as well as the most exacting could wish, and now with the Christmas holidays upon us, we can look back over our first half term with a good deal of honest gratification, and the heads of the departments of the Institution deserve credit for their good management, whatever may be said concerning the system used. And I am sure all old Fanwood's friends will join us in wishing her a Happy New Year, and a successful finish to the academic year.

Thanksgiving was spent in the usual manner, with plenty of good things that delight the palate, and a sociable in the girls' sitting room. It will not be necessary for me to enlarge on it, as there is such a general uniformity in the ways of spending it everywhere. It took some time for some to get over it, and I hope your readers will not think that I was afraid to write about it sooner for fear that its effects might be traced in my production, and if my composition is a little rusty, they will please attribute it to some unseasonable rheumatism or unpalatable headache, rather than to that.

On the day following Thanksgiving the High Class boys transferred the old "Evangeline" from her bony bed to safe shelter on *torna firma*, where she will remain until old Boreas has taken his departure, and the Hudson is open.

It will interest her old lovers to know that she is as trim and sound as ever, thanks to the care of Capt. Magill, who has had charge of her during the past season. By the way, I am tempted to inquire whether any of her aforesaid admirers have been so fortunate as to find a mistress as kind and true as she?

The charity ball so much talked of, came off at last, and in point of pleasure seems to have been a decided success, but it is rumored that it was not so well off financially, being some forty-seven dollars out of pocket. Agrippa and his fine worded article to the contrary notwithstanding.

A few days ago, Mr. E. B. Nelson, head of the Rome Institution, was here to see us. He staid over night, and we trust had a good time. A repetition would be most welcome any time.

Our principal was last week absent on business to Albany. He had hoped to meet Gov. elect Robinson, who is his warm personal friend, on the way, but passed him on the railroad on the way up.

One of our pupils, John W. Lyons, lost both father and mother in the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre. His brother was with them, and only escaped by leaping down a stairway at the risk of breaking his neck. Mr. Theodore Peet, nephew of our principal, was in the theatre, but escaped. It was rumored that he had been found dead in the ruins, and his guardian was in great trouble, but happily the report turned out false. Some of the friends of Miss Ella Dillingham, one of our pupils, were, I hear, burned to death in the same dreadful place.

At last we have a stereopticon of our own, thanks to the Board of Directors, and hereafter our pupils will not want for amusement.

We have plenty of snow, and soon the coasting will probably be "perfectly splendid."

TULLY.
Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,
New York, Nov. 22, 1876.

Letter from Arcade, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR JOURNAL:—It is real winter here. A snow storm raged furiously, and blew "great guns" all day Saturday, but this morning dawned clear but cold. The merry, merry jingle of the sleigh-bells cheers everybody, and seems to inspire us with good spirits.

I imagine that the chief topic among the pupils at the Institutions is skating and coasting. The old times at Fanwood remind me that some of us had rich coasting on the hill almost covered with ice, from the Mansion House down to the railroad. One morning six or eight boys hurtled themselves down on a long bob-sled, with great speed. One of them steered the sled, but it suddenly jumped up two feet, and before he could guide it right it struck a tree with such terrific force that all on board were scat-

tered. Two of them were carried insensible to the hospital and the rest rolled over and struggled hard for breath. It was a great wonder that all thus injured recovered rapidly, and still remember and appreciate the fun.

I wish to inform the lady readers that there is about one month more left for them to decide on the question of leap-year. The old maids have not yet written to me on the subject of "double blessedness." Old age is creeping upon me, and I am afraid that I shall have to be silent for four years hence.

I went to the Centennial Oct. 24th, and remained there eight days. It is needless for me to describe the exposition, as the readers can imagine how grand it was.

I visited the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and was entertained with great kindness and courtesy, considering that I was an entire stranger. I will bear witness that the Institution is in a splendid condition, and its pupils understand that order in the first law of Heaven, and are governed only by love.

I boarded at the residence of Mr. Andrew Carlin, who did his best to make my visit agreeable and social. The deaf-mutes in the "City of Brotherly Love" seem to take a good deal of interest in the welfare of each other, and always endeavor to secure the unity and amity of their Association. Through the influence of Rev. Mr. Syle, I attended their meetings three Thursday evenings, and was struck by the orderly and quiet manner in which the mutes assembled, "listening" to the lectures and debates like true ladies and gentlemen. It is sincerely hoped that the prosperity and success of their Association will be soon established on a solid basis, and set a shining example before some of our old corrupt deaf-mute associations.

Mr. Job Turner and Mr. Carlin cracked jokes on each other, many of which amused us very much.

On Sunday, while at St. Stephen's Church, I was greatly surprised to see my old classmate, Ronald Douglas. He said that he drove there from Orange, N. J., about 100 miles distant, with his horse and photographic apparatus. The adventures and obstacles which he has encountered since he left Washington are numerous and interesting; and I think he ought to contribute to the JOURNAL, as I am sure he would make an interesting correspondent. He is always seeking fortune; not by luck but by cutting through solid mountains, by digging tunnels through the diameter of the earth and by swimming from pole to pole; his resolution to succeed is invincible. In a few days snow forts may be reared on the play grounds.

The health of the inmates of the Institution is excellent. There is hardly a case of sickness. Confinement for a day or two in the hospital; then the patient comes out all right. The doctor has not much of a chance to lengthen his bills here.

One of our corps of instructors, Mr. J. R. Kepp, is still confined to his house, and we are at a loss to know when he will make his appearance among us again. He is certainly not the oldest of our teachers, for Mr. D. E. Bartlett is older by about ten years. It is possible that Mr. B. has found the living waters which De Soto searched for in vain?

Rev. W. W. Turner is probably the oldest teacher in the country on the retired list. If his life is spared until the 1st proximo, he will be 77 years old.

He is still hale, hearty and clever as ever, although his limbs refuse to perform their wonted tasks with ease. He is still in sympathy with the children of silence, and rejoices whenever one of them rises above the common level of mankind.

Now I must tell you how the Galatian High Class is led up the rugged mountain of knowledge. It is in reality a College Preparatory Class. In the morning, after prayers, the students composing this class retire to their respective apartments where they engage in study without a preceptor or preceptor.

At 11 A. M., they go into the classroom to recite, and there they remain till twelve noon. At 2 P. M.,

they are in their room again, and there they stay till 3 P. M. After that they repair to their respective robins for study—i. e., they study in groups.

Mr. J. C. Bull is professor of Natural Philosophy, Mr. R. S. Storrs of Language, and Mr. Job Williams of Mathematics.

It seems to me that the High Class are making quite rapid progress, and two years will prepare them to step up higher.

Mr. A. A. Small, a cobbler, has been assisting the officers of this school for the past few months. He performs his duties well.

I am very glad to hear that Mrs. Clerc, who was severely injured by a fall, is getting better and no fears are now entertained of a fever setting in.

A happy New Year to you all!

Hartford Institution, had removed to the Institution at Indianapolis. He, being an old friend of this young lady, was desirous of renewing his acquaintance with her. So he wrote her, in care of a certain friend of the Indiana students who was in the secret, and had been taught his part. This mutual friend, under the name of the young lady, answered the letters of the Freshman, who did not discover the trick until he had wasted two or three boxes of stationery, and a great many postage stamps.

On the morning of his last day, his speaking, kind-hearted sister, Rosella, brought him some ice cream, not knowing that he was about passing away, and wished him to taste it; but to her great disappointment and distress, she found that he was not able to do so. His father had gone to Boston that morning, not thinking his condition worse than usual.

Chess has become a favorite game with the students. Young Samson of '80 bids fair to be the champion player of the College. He has already won two games played with a tutor.

STUDENT.

Hartford Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 26, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have had many news to chronicle. Hartford is rather a quiet place. It does not abound in rings or cliques. Hardly any literary society can be found among the deaf and dumb here.

The holiday week commenced Saturday and ended yesterday. To-day all the pupils must answer to the roll call.

Some fifty went away to spend a few days with their friends. The larger number live a long distance away, and their friends are too hard up financially to afford to pay their expenses home and back on such an occasion.

All nature is now shrouded in an attire of pure white. The merry children are about with their sleds, and beautiful cutters with their stylish occupants pass our door—the very sight of which creates jealousy. O, what a happy time the children would have, could they all be given a sleigh ride!

Some boys, who are much skilled in skating, prefer to glide about upon the smooth, glass-like ice. Alas! the snow has spoiled their sport; therefore they go in quest of some other enjoyment. In a few days snow forts may be reared on the play grounds.

The health of the inmates of the Institution is excellent. There is hardly a case of sickness.

Confinement for a day or two in the hospital; then the patient comes out all right. The doctor has not much of a chance to lengthen his bills here.

His mother asked him if he felt as if he was to die, he replied, "Tell father to pray for me." His parents and sisters were all in tears, and asked his mother if he was going to die, to which she replied, "Yes." He first grieved for one minute, and out of one of his eyes fell a last tear.

She told him that she hoped to meet him in heaven, at which he smiled peacefully. His speaking sister, Rosella, told him that his sisters all hoped that they would be with him in that sweet home where no parting is ever known. Lizzie told him that we must all die, and that he given a sleigh ride!

Some boys, who are much skilled in skating, prefer to glide about upon the smooth, glass-like ice. Alas! the snow has spoiled their sport; therefore they go in quest of some other enjoyment. In a few days snow forts may be reared on the play grounds.

The health of the inmates of the

Institution is excellent. There is hardly a case of sickness.

Confinement for a day or two in the hospital; then the patient comes out all right. The doctor has not much of a chance to lengthen his bills here.

Christmas day was leisurely spent by your correspondent in reading and smoking at the rooms of the Sunnyside Social Club, but as the hour of fate neared,

a messenger threw open the door of the room, and with the swiftness of

his arms and fingers he informed the writer that a sociable was to be given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kaerth, a deaf and dumb couple residing at No. 22 Graham avenue, Brooklyn.

After the excitement of the messenger had abated and his head been cooled, he asked the writer if he could run up to the residence and enjoy the few hours

there and give a good report of the sociable in the columns of the *Brooklyn Daily Times*.

Your correspondent said that he would rather send a report to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, than to the

Times, because the JOURNAL devoted its columns to the interests of the deaf and dumb.

It is true that your correspondent was glad to find some enjoyment in the evening, after being lonesome all day, and the result was that he donned his hat and overcoat after he had partaken of his supper, and went to the residence as soon as his legs could carry him. Entering the elegantly furnished parlor of Mr. and Mrs. Kaerth, the writer was confronted by his father returned from Boston at noon, and gently removed him from the lounge to the bed. His mother asked him if he wanted her and her company to vacate his chamber, to which he replied that he would leave it to her best judgment.

He was grieved at seeing the family all in tears, and asked his mother if he was going to die, to which she replied, "Yes."

He first grieved for one minute, and out of one of his eyes fell a last tear.

She told him that she hoped to meet him in heaven, at which he smiled peacefully. His speaking sister, Rosella, told him that his sisters all hoped that they would be with him in that sweet home where no parting is ever known. Lizzie told him that we must all die, and that he given a sleigh ride!

Some boys, who are much skilled in skating, prefer to glide about upon the smooth, glass-like ice. Alas! the snow has spoiled their sport; therefore they go in quest of some other enjoyment. In a few days snow forts may be reared on the play grounds.

The health of the inmates of the

Institution is excellent. There is hardly a case of sickness.

Confinement for a day or two in the hospital; then the patient comes out all right. The doctor has not much of a chance to lengthen his bills here.

His mother asked him if he felt as if he was to die, he replied, "Tell father to pray for me." His parents and sisters were all in tears, and asked his mother if he was going to die, to which she replied, "Yes."

He first grieved for one minute, and out of one of his eyes fell a last tear.

She told him that she hoped to meet him in heaven, at which he smiled peacefully. His speaking sister, Rosella, told him that his sisters all hoped that they would be with him in that sweet home where no parting is ever known. Lizzie told him that we must all die, and that he given a sleigh ride!

Some boys, who are much skilled in skating, prefer to glide about upon the smooth, glass-like ice. Alas! the snow has spoiled their sport; therefore they go in quest of some other enjoyment. In a few days snow forts may be reared on the play grounds.

The health of the inmates of the

Institution is excellent. There is hardly a case of sickness.

Confinement for a day or two in the hospital; then the patient comes out all right. The doctor has not much of a chance to lengthen his bills here.

His mother asked him if he felt as if he was to die, he replied, "Tell father to pray for me." His parents and sisters were all in tears, and asked his mother if he was going to die, to which she replied, "Yes."

He first grieved for one minute, and out of one of his eyes fell a last tear.

She told him that she hoped to meet him in heaven, at which he smiled peacefully. His speaking sister, Rosella, told him that his sisters all hoped that they would be with him in that sweet home where no parting is ever known. Lizzie told him that we must all die, and that he given a sleigh ride!

Some boys, who are much skilled in skating, prefer to glide about upon the smooth, glass-like ice. Alas! the snow has spoiled their sport; therefore they go in quest of some other enjoyment. In a few days snow forts may be reared on the play grounds.

The health of the inmates of the

Institution is excellent. There is hardly a case of sickness.

Confinement for a day or two in the hospital; then the patient comes out all right. The doctor has not much of a chance to lengthen his bills here.

His mother asked him if he felt as if he was to die, he replied, "Tell father to pray for me." His parents and sisters were all in tears, and asked his mother if he was going to die, to which she replied, "Yes."

He first grieved for one minute, and out of one of his eyes fell a last tear.

She told him that she hoped to meet him in heaven, at which he smiled peacefully. His speaking sister, Rosella, told him that his sisters all hoped that they would be with him in that sweet home where no parting is ever known. Lizzie told him that we must all die, and that he given a sleigh ride!

Some boys, who are much skilled in skating, prefer to glide about upon the smooth, glass-like ice. Alas! the snow has spoiled their sport; therefore they go in quest of some other enjoyment. In a few days snow forts may be reared on the play grounds.

The health of the inmates of the

Institution is excellent. There is hardly a case of sickness.

Confinement for a day or two in the hospital; then the patient comes out all right. The doctor has not much of a chance to lengthen his bills here.

His mother asked him if he felt as if he was to die, he replied, "Tell father to pray for me." His parents and sisters were all in tears, and asked his mother if he was going to die, to which she replied, "Yes."

He first grieved for one minute, and out of one of his eyes fell a last tear.

She told him that she hoped to meet him in heaven, at which he smiled peacefully. His speaking sister, Rosella, told him that his sisters all hoped that they would be with him in that sweet home where no parting is ever known. Lizzie told him that we must all die, and that he given a sleigh ride!

Some boys, who are much skilled in skating, prefer to glide about upon the smooth, glass-like ice. Alas!

The Holland Wind-Mills.

Our special delight for once was not the cathedral. We got close to a wind-mill, and were happy. We entered, and our joy was full. We had no conception of the magnitude of these labor-saving devices. We counted not less than six stories in the tower of one we were permitted to examine. It must have been as high as an average church steeple. The arms or fans were of enormous length, and carried 3,000 feet of canvas. And this is the machine that literally makes Holland. It pumps out the ocean when the ocean gets in. It sows and grinds. It does the lifting and the lowering. A family lives in the mill.

In Holland there are full 10,000 of these mammoth structures. In London and Liverpool and New York there is a forest of masts. In Holland there is everywhere a forest of wind-mills. Some are built of brick, others of stone, many are of wood; of course, we mean the tower part. They turn slowly, yet with great power, and we learn that, so flat is the country, there is seldom a serious or long-continued lack of wind.—*Correspondence Universalist.*

The Alligator Business.

Between 17,000 and 20,000 alligator skins are tanned yearly, which are consumed by boot and shoe manufacturers in every portion of the United States, as well as exported to London and Hamburg. The alligators formerly came almost exclusively from Louisiana, and New Orleans was the great center of the business.

The Florida swamps and morasses are now the harvest fields, and Jacksonville, in that State, the great depot. The alligators often attain a length of eighteen to twenty feet, and frequently live to a very old age. The hides are stripped off, and the belly and sides, the only portions fit for use, are packed in barrels in strong brine, and shipped to the Northern tanner, who keeps them under treatment from six to eight months, when they are ready to cut up. So far the leather has been mainly used in the manufacture of boots and shoes, but handsome slippers are also made of it.

It is said that a well known novelist lately entered a printing office, and accused a compositor of punctuating improperly when the type readily and easily replied—

"I am not a pointer; I'm a setter."

"Have you any rebutting testimony to offer, Patrick?" asked the Justice of a prisoner arranged for goat killing. Pat scratched his head a minute, and a new light seemed to dawn on him. "Rebutting is it? Shure an' that's just what's the matter, yer Honor, and that's why I'm here the day." Pat was acquitted.

Mexico Union Cheese Factory.

At the Annual Meeting of the factory, held the 19th inst. The following report was made:

Commenced operation April 24th; closed Nov. 8; pounds of milk received 1,950,655; pounds cheese cured 200,600; yield of cheese 2,96,100 pounds of milk.

Of the sales, the average price per one hundred pounds was 10.54-100 dollars. From Oct. 21st to Nov. 8th, the milk was delivered every other day, and skinned cheese was made, which increased the average pounds milk to one of cheese.

The stockholders of this factory pay insurance on cheese, and all expenses connected with the factory.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Solomon Matheus; Treasurer, Phineas Davis; Secretary, J. W. Lawton; Directors, Lewis Miller, J. H. Alfred, O. C. Whitney, Geo. A. Davis, Myron Everts. GEO. A. DAVIS.

We would call the attention of our musical friends to the following magazine:

Peter's Household Melodies, containing five or six beautiful Songs and Choruses.

Peter's Parlor Music, containing several easy Piano Pieces.

La Creme De La Creme, a collection of difficult Piano Music by the best European authors.

Peter's Organ Selections, for Reed or Pipe Organ.

Peter's Sacred Selections, containing Hymns, Anthems, etc., and

Peter's Octavo Choruses, containing four choice Choruses for Singing Societies.

These magazines are published at the uniform price of \$2 per annum, postage paid, and we have no hesitation in saying that they are unequalled in quality, cheapness and elegance. Give your news-dealer 25 cents, and tell him to order a sample copy, or send direct to the Publisher, J. L. Peters, 843 Broadway, New York.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is fast taking the place of all the old-fashioned cough remedies. It never fails to relieve the most violent cold, and for throat diseases it is invaluable. Price, 25 cents.

PARISH.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal FOR 1877.

The acknowledged Organ of Literature for the Deaf and Dumb; has the

Widest Circulation and the Best Staff of Correspondents

of any paper of the kind in the entire universe. It is non-political sentiment, high-toned in moral characteristics; a champion of the truth; a defender of the helpless, and contains

MORE INTERESTING NEWS AND READING MATTER

relating to the Deaf-mutes than any other paper published.

As in the past, so in the future, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will be conducted in the interests of the DEAF-MUTES. Its columns will be interspersed with

CHOICE ARTICLES

of reading material suitable to the wants of our class of people. Domestic news paragraphs will be abundant and foreign topics freely supplied.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and newsy paragraphs.

Our motto, as heretofore, will be to give subscribers their

FULL MONEY'S WORTH

of choice reading, and we shall endeavor to the utmost of our ability to furnish a paper that shall make all who invest money in the enterprise feel satisfied that they have made a

Good Bargain.

OUR ASSISTANT EDITORS, all of whom are so well and favorably known for their literary abilities, will be retained, and the JOURNAL will be conducted on a better plan than ever. Our Correspondents and Contributors, regular, special and occasional, embracing writers of moral articles, and spicy productions will supply our readers with interesting reading matter suited to the tastes of the grave and sedate, and spice that will be relished by the gay and young.

We shall fill weekly as many columns of space during the year as we can in our Paper with

Reading Expressly Designed

For the benefit of the

Deaf and Dumb,

consisting of editorials, current news, interesting stories, information respecting the Institutions for Deaf-mutes, the workings of Deaf-mute Societies and Clubs, deaths, marriages and births, news-items, and all that go to make up a paper of the most improved and progressive style. The remaining columns of our Paper will contain reading matter well worthy of perusal. The past history of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is a

SUFFICIENT GUARANTY

That our Paper for 1877 will merit the friendship and generous patronage of the deaf and dumb public.

TERMS:

Our Paper, notwithstanding the Unusually Low Price

for one of its contents and worth, will, as heretofore, continue to be mailed to subscribers, postage free, terms positively

CASH IN ADVANCE,

at the following low figures:

One copy one year, postage paid, \$1.50.

One copy six months, 75.

Club of ten, 12.50.

These prices are invariable. Never send money in an ordinary letter. Remit in drafts post-office money orders, or by registered letters

Address,

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Dec. 26th, 1876.

Rev. Mr. Underwood, who is to assist Mr. Place during the series of meetings, will preach his first sermon this evening. Mr. U. is the Congregational minister at Oswego, but has made arrangements to be absent from his congregation a part of the time during each month.

It is said that a well known novelist lately entered a printing office, and accused a compositor of punctuating improperly when the type readily and easily replied—

"I am not a pointer; I'm a setter."

"Have you any rebutting testimony to offer, Patrick?" asked the Justice of a prisoner arranged for goat killing. Pat scratched his head a minute, and a new light seemed to dawn on him. "Rebutting is it? Shure an' that's just what's the matter, yer Honor, and that's why I'm here the day." Pat was acquitted.

"Rebutting is it? Shure an' that's just what's the matter, yer Honor, and that's why I'm here the day." Pat was acquitted.

To the Editor of the *Palladium*:

"Sir—I see you copy in your paper the announcement about the arrest of Police Justice J. W. Fenton of this place, on charge of taking unlawful fees from pensioners. It is true that such an arrest has been made, and that Mr. Fenton has been held to answer the charge in the United States Court; but it is also true that Mr. Fenton has a good and valid defense. The party who brings the charge against him is not reliable or reputable; and I know of my own knowledge that no injustice was done in the case. As a friend of Mr. Fenton—though without his knowledge—I ask you to print this to the end that there may be a suspension of public judgment until both sides of the question are heard."

FAIR PLAY.

Pulaski, Dec. 23, 1876.

Notice to Teachers.

At a District Association held at Palermo, Dec. 9th, 1876, it was resolved, that the teachers in this district establish a paper to be called "The Teachers' Paper of the 2nd Commissioner's District," the contents to be read at each district association. Miss C. M. Graves was chosen to act as editor, and B. C. Andrews as assistant editor. All contributions for said paper should be sent to one of them; the post office address of Miss Graves is Mexico, and Mr. Andrews is Palermo.

It is expected that a majority of the teachers in this district will contribute something for this paper, each person to select their own subject. Teachers, please do not forget this, for I shall be very much disappointed if this paper does not prove a success.

The next district association will be held at Central Square, Feb. 3d, 1877, and I desire to make it one of the best associations ever held in this commission's district, and I shall expect to see every teacher present; please do not think of making any excuses.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

F. H. BERRY,

Com'rd 2d Dist., Osw. Co.

West Amboy, Dec. 25th, 1876.

Shawls. Shawls. Shawls.

Don't fail to go and see those Elegant Beaver and Velvet Plaid Shawls at J. R. NORTON's.

Go to Norton's for \$1 Kid Gloves.

Go to Norton's for Black Alpacas.

Go to Norton's for Wrappers and Drawers.

Go to Norton's for Flannel Shirts.

Go to Norton's for New Style of Prints.

Go to Norton's for Cheap, Cheap Sheetings.

Go to Norton's for Saratoga Trunks.

Go to Norton's for Floor Oil Cloths.

Go to Norton's for Cheap Waterproof.

Go to Norton's for Felt Skirts.

The best Black Cashmere ever in town for \$1.00, is at J. R. NORTON'S.

PARISH.

Eureka Grange, No. 287, has chosen officers for 1877, viz., H. D. Richardson, M.; E. F. Richardson, O.; J. M. House, C.; H. Drake, L.; T. Gotthier, T.; Ed. Palmer, Sec.; L. G. Tilton, S.; F. L. Kenyon, A. S.; Mrs. T. Gotthier, L. A. S.; A. W. Calkins, G. K.; Mrs. S. J. House, C.; Mrs. M. D. Richardson, P.; Mrs. R. Kellogg, F.; H. D. Richardson, H. Drake and Wm. Wortman, Ex. Coms. This Grange sticks to its colors. They know its benefits, and knowing will maintain them. Its principles are quietly working their way among the farmers. It encourages them to be their own champions.

The Parish Congress (school trustees) convened last Saturday to make rules for truant children. The town clerk eloquently delivered his message, and then the Congress voted to continue for the present the rules formerly adopted. We believe these rules might be bettered now under the laws passed in 1875-76.

FULL REPORTS Reciting and Illustrating all Congressional and Legislative proceedings at Washington and Albany; all Meetings of important Religious, Literary, Educational, and Political bodies; all Social Events, gay and grave, and Personal Information of interest to the public.

CORRESPONDENCE expressly prepared for this journal by a permanent staff of accomplished resident writers at all centers of interest throughout the world.

LITERARY News and REVIEWS, by which our readers will be kept advised of everything worthy of attention in the latest Literature of Europe and America.

CRITICISMS of all notable works and notices of notable events, in connection with Music, the Drama, Painting, Sculpture and all other branches of Art.

EDITORIALS bearing upon every subject of present interest or importance.

For the principles by which THE WORLD will be governed in its discussion and treatment of all public questions, it will suffice to say that THE WORLD, while conservative in politics, desires the conservation only of that is good and wise in our public institutions, and the political system. Abolition in our public administration, city, state and national, it will not be blindly devoted to the advancement of any party or clique. It will freely canvas the public conduct, while it will treat with respect the private rights of Public Men, and it will examine freely into the workings of our national, state and municipal governments.

It will indicate a steadfast reliance upon the original principles of our political system as the only sound basis of all needed improvements therein; an unflinching devotion to the Constitution and the Union, a scrupulous fidelity to the spirit as well as the letter of our laws, and a sleepless vigilance in maintaining all the great safeguards of Civil and Religious liberty. It will not participate in or not participate in evils inseparable from Party Government in a Free Country; to promote good and not ill-feeling among our fellow-citizens of all creeds and colors, all sections and all sects; and to advance both by its presents and by its example the reign of Reason and the law of over-precision and passion in all our public actions and in the discussions of all public affairs.

It will do justice always, to the best of its ability, to all men and to all classes of men; it will recognize enemies but the enemies of good morals, public order and the law; it will endeavor, in a word, to make its column a terror to evildoers, and a shield to the good.

It will let nothing meanwhile than the great and legitimate demand of the reading public for entertainment. THE WORLD will keep its readers informed of all that is amusing as well as of all that is momentous in the movements of society and will spare neither trouble nor expense to provide them with a varied, animated and accurate picture of the times in which we live.

TERMS—POSTAGE PREPAID.

Daily and Sunday, one year, \$9.50; six months, \$5.00.

Daily without Sundays, one year, \$8; six months, \$4.25; three months, \$2.25; less than a month, 12.

The SUN—WEEKLY WORLD (Tuesday and Friday)—TWO DOLLARS a year.

To CLUB AGENTS—An extra copy for club of ten; to the Daily for club of twenty-five.

The WEEKLY WORLD (Wednesday)—ONE DOLLAR a year.

To CLUB AGENTS—An extra copy for club of ten; to the Daily for club of fifty.

Specimen number sent on application.

Terms—Cash, invariably in advance.

All communications should be addressed to THE WORLD,

cor. Park Row and Beekman street, New York.

Dec. 26th, 1876.

Rev. Mr. Underwood, who is to assist Mr. Place during the series of meetings, will preach his first sermon this evening. Mr. U. is the Congregational minister at Oswego, but has made arrangements to be absent from his congregation a part of the time during each month.

It is true that such an arrest has been made, and that Mr. Fenton has been held to answer the charge in the United States Court; but it is also true that Mr. Fenton has a good and valid defense.

The party who brings the charge against him is not reliable or reputable; and I know of my own knowledge that no injustice was done in the case.

The past history of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is a

SUFFICIENT GUARANTY

That our Paper for 1877 will merit the friendship and generous patronage of the deaf and dumb public.

TERMS:

Our Paper, notwithstanding the Unusually Low Price